

Billy! : 101 Ways to Nurture Your Shithead Boyfriend **(A Master Guide by Steve H.) by cherrysorry**

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Billy Hargrove Being an Asshole, Billy Hargrove Lives, Billy Hargrove Redemption, Billy Hargrove Tries to Be a Better Person, Domestic Fluff, Fluff and Angst, M/M, Multi, Period-Typical Homophobia, Post-Season/Series 03, Soft Billy Hargrove, Tooth-Rotting Fluff

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Billy Hargrove's Mother, Dustin Henderson, EVERYONE EVENTUALLY MAKES AN APPEARANCE - Character, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Keith (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Neil Hargrove, Robin Buckley, Steve Harrington, Steve Harrington's Parents, The Party (Stranger Things), Will Byers

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

It was one thing for Steve to fistfight Billy and T-bone him and spit on his sneakers when he finally hobbled out of the hospital. That was child's play. But dating the asshole? That's a totally different beast.

Luckily, Steve's got some notes, tips, and miscellaneous work-arounds tucked away for dealing with the tricky bastard.

—

OR, an angsty, fluffy, goofy little ongoing ficlet series about Steve's

deepening infatuation with a certain rat bastard man-child that we've all grown to love.

1. Billy loves baths

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Pools, saunas, and hot tubs are fucked for him now, obviously. But warm baths (not hot, *never* cold)—they're one of the only things that hold him together when he's shaking to pieces. And *shit*, there are a lot of things that set him off these days (see: #10-20).

A general rule of thumb: 1) Don't be a dick, Harrington. 2) If he stops running his mouth for more than 15 minutes, start the tap.

PS: To optimize the experience, apply bubbles, scalp massages, and Fleetwood Mac. He might fight you on these, but just ride it out. Once he gets all soft and sleepy, it's safe to break out the old folks' fluffy towels and your kid Disney tapes. He likes to cuddle, and this one time he called us "Ma." Again, *don't be a dick*.

More advice to follow.

2. Billy likes Motown music.

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He will never, ever admit it, but I've seen him at the ass crack of dawn, flipping pancakes and spam and nodding along to Natalie Cole and *The Jackson Five* when he thinks nobody's watching.

Rock hypes him up, sharpens his bite and swagger. Let him bang his head and scream when he needs that release. *Motown* eases him out, gives him something nostalgic and grounded to find his center.

Leave mom's old records lying around so he knows he's got that option if he needs it.

More advice to follow.

3. Billy just pretends to like beer.

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It's cheap, macho, and you can find it at any crappy corner store in Hawkins.

I've secretly observed and catalogued his real alcoholic preferences, based on mood improvement, in the following order:

1) Sweet Riesling

2) Kahlúa and Cream

3) Amaretto Sour

...

8) White Russians

9) Rosé (WARNING: Tell *no one*)

...

65) Shit Hawkins' Beer.

You're welcome, Harrington. More advice to follow.

4. Billy loves cracking shitty gay jokes.

4. Billy *loves* cracking shitty gay jokes.

I don't just mean the terrible knock-knock type jokes, either. Yeah, he's definitely ribbed me with a "How many twink's does it take to screw in a lightbulb?," but that's just the first layer of his bullshit.

He likes physical comedy best. Like bending over the kitchen counter and flexing his ass like *hey babydoll* or dropping things around the house just to pick them up all slow and goofily seductive or fucking *strutting around with a limp wrist*.

It would be borderline homophobic, if Billy wasn't *actually* queerer than a box of crayons, but just indulge him a little. He's still settling into his sexuality, and part of that process is figuring out that he doesn't have to either be a hyper-macho dickhead or a parody.

PS: I draw the line at twink jokes, though. I mean, have you *seen* these arms? Don't let Hargrove forget it.

More advice to follow.

5. Don't let Billy get blackout drunk.

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Im writing this one wasted cause we might not remember what happened by tomorrow morning but *critical mistakes were made*, you *prick*.

Desbite despite the wisdom of rule #3 I went out and bought a metric fuck ton of beer for us to chug on Thanksgiving cause we were bummed that my folks aren't home for the holidays and Billy's are *dicks*.

SHe doesn't get happy drunk on beer. I *know* that, but I didnt know his reaction to getting hammered for the first time since Starcourt would be so terrifying hysterical *intense*.

(Couple months ago he told me that when the Mind Flayr got him, it was like a raging high all the time. Couldnt think straight. Couldnt think to break free. The only cohernt feeling was dumb anger. Had to *Kill*)

Getting wasted and mean drunk on crap beer threw him into that headspace all over again And you were too fcked up to help. Nice going, *asshole*.

Never. Again.

More advice to follow, *fuckhead*.

6. Beware the Fourth of July.

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I had almost given up on this manual after that shitshow on Thanksgiving, but this is *essential*.

Billy used to love the Fourth. It meant summer freedom and surfing and clandestine sex at the beach and god damn exploding rainbows in the sky.

But now? He cringes at the sound of people gathering and yelling in the streets. He picks at the scars underneath his shirt. The fireworks start, and he *shakes*.

Today and next year and hopefully the year after that, if you've *somehow* managed to survive each other, take care of him on the Fourth. Stay in. Hold his hand. Play inane board games or drive way out to the countryside where no one's managed to nick any explosives. Buy a plane ticket to the West Coast and let him see the Pacific again. Whatever you do, *take care of him*.

I know damn well that you've got no lost love for the Fourth, so make it *his* day instead. Our day.

Good luck, and more advice to follow.

7. Billy has glasses. Tell no one.

7. Billy has glasses. Tell *no one*.

He doesn't know that *I* know, but I've caught him squinting angrily at things that are shoved too close to his face. I've seen how the bridge of his nose is a little redder after I get home from dropping off Max and the other dipshits, the book on the coffee table bent in new places. I've seen him instinctively reach for his chest when we're at Family Video and I pass him a tape to check out.

It's the same thing with his retainer and the cooling nighttime masks he sometimes rubs under his eyes when I'm away.

Like, by some *fluke*, I've heard the click of Billy slipping the plastic against his teeth long after I should be asleep. I've noticed how plush his skin becomes after I've disappeared for a few hours.

He has nothing to worry about, *obviously*. I forget my contacts all the damn time and have to amble around with these huge coke-bottle lenses. He's seen the Farrah Fawcett hairspray and all my other ridiculous upkeep gear. It's *fine*.

But don't push him on all that shit. Give him time. He's not used to parading around the goofiest parts of himself. He's never gotten the chance.

Just let him be. Hell, last week he showed me his old set of *The Lord of the Rings* when he heard that Will was looking for a copy. He'll come around.

Just be good to him, Harrington. More advice to follow.

8. Billy is really receptive to pet names.

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He's collected his fair share from various people over the years. He told me his mom's were *Sunshine* and *Kiddo*. His ratfucker father's dad's were *faggot* and *moron*. They each trigger something unique in him, different teeth and different vulnerabilities. I'd avoid mentioning these altogether.

Instead, create your own names. Yeah, he responds just fine to *Billy* or *Hargrove*, but if you wanna bring out the best in him, if you wanna ease out something playful or funny or even *sweet*, this is your cheat sheet.

1. *Babe* is standard. Can't go wrong.
2. *Baby*, somehow, is sexier.
3. *Babydoll* is asking for trouble. Don't plan on sleeping.
4. *Sweetheart* is for anniversaries or birthdays, right during the big reveal.
5. *Rapunzel* is for drunk fist fights and getting giggly high and giving him the finger after you've fucked up his hair.
6. *Killer* is for when he's being an asshole. But, like, the good kind. Like when he stomps out the cigarette you've just lit cause *you're gonna need those lungs for later* or when he breaks something just to magically pull out its newer replacement from behind his back.
7. *Sweetiepie* is for if you want him to go for your throat.
8. *Mi amor* is for when he's gotten all sleepy and spaced-out, a short fall away from dreams of lie-ins at the beach with the Pacific right in his ear.
9. *Bastard* is for when you want to see him poke his tongue out and get all God damn goofy.

10. *Angel* is untested as of yet. I just thought of it today. His cheeks were all pink from hauling ass out of Family Video with a tape he hadn't paid for. Keith was screaming at him, and he had this bright little laugh that was just so

I'll let you know how that last one goes over.

Play nice, Steve. More advice to follow.

Author's Note:

Thanks for reading, and don't be shy to take to the comments! This clown thrives on your feedback. DM @cherry-sorry on Tumblr.